

The Gipsy of the Abruzzo.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

tamed to love, and I will waste some kindness on that rude race, but I will mend their sad condition, even for his sake who helped me to the sweetest bride Salomona ever saw, or Ovid sung; that is, provided she tell her sex and change not."

A look of love and pride beamed from the eyes of Constanza, as, striking her lyre, she prettily echoed the word "change," and sang—

"For ever thine this heart—
Feel how it beats for thee,
And while it beats, this heart of mine
Will answer every throbbing thine
With truest sympathy;
Thine, thine, alone!

For ever thine this heart—
All else may change, and he;
But this, thy heart, no change can own,
For thee it beats, for thee it glows,
And breaks, cast off by thee;
Thine, thine, alone!

For ever thine this heart—
All else beneath the skies,
The grass, the flower, rattle, air, and sea,
May pass away, again to be;
The heart—forever thine—
Thine, thine, alone!

The conte rose in delight from his lady's feet, where he had thrown himself to listen to her melody; the last tones of her sweet voice had not yet melted into the air when a slight movement was heard at the window—the words, "Die, coward and fool!" were articulated, in tones clear and piercing, though hardly uttered above the breath; one deep groan and a heavy fall followed—and all was silent as before.

The conte started, and passed hastily to the window, close to which he at once observed the body of the fallen man. He stooped over the form; he pressed his hand upon the heart; but it beat no more; it lay dead with the last sound. He was just opening his lips to call for aid, when a low hiss, issuing from the thick clump of shrubs close in his front, caused him to raise his head. What was his surprise, when full in the light of the moonbeam, with head uncovered, he beheld the well-remembered features of the Zingaro!

"Ha!" exclaimed the conte, "thou alive, and here! How means all this? Speak!" "Fianissimo, signor mio," whispered the gipsy; "it is ill speaking too loud of a death where one's confession might be overheard by more than the priest." But fear nothing now; first assure thy lady's silence; for, if you remember, my face was not altogether after her liking when last she saw it, and I promise you it is not much improved in comeliness since; a cry from her lips now might peril me to the full as much as it did before; and by my life I have no mind for another such adventure."

The Conte Luigi turned into the chamber where Constanza sat as if spell-bound; she had heard the groan, had seen her husband's movement towards the sound, but at that moment her over-excited nerves failed beneath the shock, and she remained without the power of speech or motion.

"Be no longer alarmed, dearest Constanza," murmured the conte, trying to re-assure his gentle wife; "tis nothing; only a faithful varlet, who is now without, and whose appearance hitherto has ever been to us a harbinger of joy. Come, cheer thee to hear the marvel of his coming; for perchance thy uncle has released, and so released this trusty knave as a true pledge of his wish to conciliate."

"Trust not, oh! I trust not to the baron," exclaimed Constanza, wildly, drawing the conte nearer to her; "for there is danger my husband, and the presence of the Zingaro speaks ill. That fearful groan too! Oh! said I not my soul forebode evil? Luigi, rely not too firmly on the faith of this strange being; many and fearful are the tales told of his people's treachery, and few and bold are they who place deep trust in them."

"Nay, be not ungrateful of his true service, love. Remember, I owe to it all my present joys, and even those joys I'd freely pledge upon his faith; be not alarmed, and he shall himself speak out his errand." Luigi beckoned the Zingaro to advance; with a glance of bitter scorn, he planted his foot upon the corpse stretched in his way, and at once stepped into the apartment. Constanza shrank within herself, as if doubtingly she gazed upon his features. He was, in truth, much changed; his face and neck were in many places disfigured by blotches of deep red, these contrasted but ill with his natural hue; his once luxuriant hair, too, was almost gone; in some places it was short quite close to the blackened scalp, while here and there a stray lock remained, no longer flowing gracefully as before, but shrivelled and bristling from his head. His eye retained its native lustre, and bespoke that, though all without was altered, the ardent soul within still remained unchanged.

Bending low to the lady, he calmly stood as if waiting question.

"When," demanded the conte, "didst thou leave the Castell di Mirialva?"

"On the eve of your past Sabbath."

"By good leave, or—"

"Even by the way you entered—the window; no bad way either, when a man needs more haste than help."

"How! You escaped from duress, then, and without the baron's knowledge?"

"Not so, either signor; the baron learned, though somewhat at the latest, I was about to quit his hospitable keeping."

"Thou speakest somewhat in riddles, Zingaro. I have a courier despatched to the baron; knowest thou his present humor—how will my errand find him?"

"He may not well find him, conte, without first quiting your service."

"How so?"

"Because he whom he seeks no longer lives."

"Ha!"—Constanza sprung from the couch—"my uncle dead?"

"Start not, lady," coolly replied the Zingaro, "and speak not over-loud, for I stay now, your questioning on ruse. In brief, you are now, thanks to my fortune, once more in safety; may return to your fair domain, and live free and fearless, for your worst enemy is no more; he has died the death that best may fit him for the after-life. He was burnt—burnt within that very house he held from his brother's child; he was swept from life planning the misery of her to whom he should have proved a sweet protector."

"Merciful God, assuage his soul!" fervently prayed Constanza.

"The fire was accidental!" demanded the conte, closely regarding the man as he spoke. He smiled grimly, as, lowering his voice, he answered with fearful earnestness—

"The flames were, lighted by me, to aid my escape from bondage and from certain death. What! did the slaves think to keep the falcon

and not hood his eyes? Did they leave to the Zingaro one glimpse of the clear light of heaven, and look to have him yield without a struggle the life that light made dear?"

"Scourged like a hound, till my very bones lay bared to their lewd mockery. I was bound and thrown aside to wait till their pleasures served to hang me. Was I to bide their coming? No! I fired the deserted den that held me, and broke once more to freedom from its blazing ruins as they crumbled round me."

"Thus at liberty, I had, perchance, contented me with my escape, but the ill spirit of the baron threw him in that wild moment across my way. Smearing from the fire I scarce had hoped to live through, I saw my gain, my hopes made by his presence in an instant void, and fresh tortures again awaiting me. One instant effort promised both safety and revenge. I boldly, manly made the venture. He!—I am safe—I am revenged. Ever now his shriek from that moulting chamber of death sounds again in my ear, and more than answers all my sufferings. He is no more! and you, Conte Luigi, are now free to live."

"Return to your castello, lady; 'tis little the worse for the airing I have given it. I read you fair fortune, and you have found it; may it ever bide with you! Signor, I owed you a life; we are now freely quitted, for I have saved you this night from as sudden an ending as awaited me that day when the hunter's belt was drawn round my throat in the forest of Venafro."

"How! my life—mean you that?"

"Look on this carrion," continued the Zingaro, as he turned over the body of the slain man with his foot; "stoop down, and know that evil fate."

It was the countenance of Jecopo, for many years the porter of the Castell di Mirialva.

"What!" said Luigi, "would this man have struck the husband of his old sister's child?"

"He!" interrupted the Zingaro, "he would have struck the husband of the mother that bore him for half the price set upon your head. Oh my escape! I sought out this traitor, and caught him groping on a wrong scent. Unseen and unsuspected I soon found means to set him right; once well laid on the track I knew he'd stick to it."

"What!" cried Constanza, shuddering, "you guided him the way to murder?"

"Truly, lady, I left him not unguided; for from that hour I slept when he slept, and when he rose I rose; I breathed, moved as he moved; we had but one shadow in the sun; but he dreamed not of this: full surely I guided him, even to his purpose and his end. He was blinded to my wish by the promised gold; he ever glittered before his eyes, and he saw no other object. But it is passed, and behold where he lies! Mark, signor, his hand is on the lock of the petronel whose report was to have pronounced you a corpse, and him master of a thousand ducats. I watched his serpent-crawl to this very spot; I saw the fellow-sparkle of his eye; I heard the short panting of his bated breath, and marked his deadly aim; but he saw not, heard not, till he felt 'my blow."

"Heavens!" cried Constanza, "an instant later and the murder had been done."

The Zingaro smiled. "No, lady, think not I rested upon less than surely—his trusty petronel a true friend of mine had rendered harmless. Blinded he incurred the penalty without the chance of murder."

"Strange being," inquired the conte, "why not have informed me of my danger, and left his punishment to justice?"

"What! would justice better have revenged my stripes, than my own right hand has done? That one blow struck, I am as in a man, and the mark of the lash will be no longer my shame. From my mother's breast, until the dark hour, but one hand ever inflicted disgrace on my free body—this hand it was."

He let the lifeless limb which he had grasped fall upon the path, and contemptuously gazed upon it.

"But why," said the conte, "when you knew his purpose, why let him proceed so near to the fulfillment of his bloody errand?"

"Ha, ha! Conte Luigi, think you his mere death could appease my vengeance? No! I am well learned, that by the creed you hold crime once determined on is dealt with by your God as crime already done. Look there!"

—read the resolve to murder stamped upon his brow. Even with his last thought upon the bloody act, the damning with recorded on his heart, the instrument of death, too, in his hand. I muste him! and, without one prayer for mercy, his scorched scalp, while here and there a stray lock remained, no longer flowing gracefully as before, but shrivelled and bristling from his head. His eye retained its native lustre, and bespoke that, though all without was altered, the ardent soul within still remained unchanged.

He now gave a long, sharp hiss—a young female was in an instant by his side.

"Zea," he said, "she stands the man for whom you have labored; the only man who ever saved or spared any of our race. Thank him quickly, and let us begone to the mountain."

The girl advanced to the conte, and taking his hand, she pressed it with reverence to her forehead, while her eloquent look spoke volumes of thanksgiving.

"Allow me a few minutes' law ere you have this foul carcass stirred," said the Zingaro; "for I would ill like further questioning—Nay, slumber not, lady," he added, "think upon my wild nature, and my cruel suffering. Farewell!"

The Zingaro and the maiden together disappeared as the attendant announced to the conte the return of his belated courier.

First requesting his father's presence, Luigi admitted the man, and from his lips heard the story of the Zingaro confirmed. He told how he had seen the removal of the blackened remains of the baron from the ruins of the still reeking chamber—the fire, he said, had been promptly got under, and, indeed, extended little beyond the immediate suite of apartments where it first broke out.

He told, too, strange stories of the Zingaro, of his having spirited the poor baron to change places with him, through the Devil's aid, whom some of the attendants swore they saw personally engaged in feeding the flames, and at last take to flight through the broken casement, bearing the Zingaro on his huge wings, and leaving the spellbound baron to abide the fiery penalty.

On the man's being dismissed to entertain his awe-stricken fellows with these marvels, the conte imparted to his father the true but strange story of his preservation. The proper authorities were promptly assembled, and the necessary forms gone through; but as every evidence went to prove the purpose of the dead emissary of Mirialva, the conte was at once honorably installed, by the royal command, in all the honors and wide domains of his fair runaway. Large rewards were offered for the

apprehension of the incendiary, and orders issued to clear the Abruzzo of the outlaw Zingaro with fire and sword; but as the execution of these orders rested with the new baron, they were very differently interpreted.

CHAPTER V.

A TWELVE MONTHS had passed away, and many mingled sounds of song and dance, and the light laugh of unrestrained glee, echoed round the old towers of the Castell di Mirialva; gay banners fluttered in the mountain-breeze from the lofty battlements, and the hillside swarmed with merry groups of peasants, who were eagerly watching the approach of a distant cavalcade, impatient to hail the first ford of their liege-lady, the heir of the festival of the Annunziata, and chosen by Constanza, for to give the mother church one other member in her newborn son.

"I choose this day," said Constanza to her lord, "for it was on this day I met the mendicant palmer in the church of the Annunziata; but, though I love right well the gentle name of Luigi, yet shall this boy be called Ovidio, in remembrance of the spot where I staid to list my fair fortune."

The lady had her will, and it was her return from the covert the assembled vassals so eagerly abided. As the cortege approached the foot of the hill, Constanza turned her palefroy from the side of her infant's litter, and, calling to her lord to follow, gayly galloped over the yielding sward towards *Gli Fanti d'Amori*.

Together they rode up to its margin; Constanza fondly pressed the hand of Luigi, and pointing to the rich olives whose branches swept the waters, she told him upon that spot her eyes first rested on the dark form of the Zingaro. She raised her hand to hasten some of the approaching guests, when a female advanced from the thick shade of the trees, and, laying her finger impressively on her lip, motioned the conte to be gone, glancing at the same time upwards amid the branches. Following the direction of her look, the conte caught sight of the dark visage of the Zingaro, with finger on lip, just visible for an instant through the thick foliage. On this, whispering his discovery to Constanza, they quickly turned together and stayed the advance of their gentle followers. Loud shouts from the hill, at the same moment, bespoke the reception of Mirialva's future lord amid his happy vassals.

"Let us hasten to thank the honest knave," said the conte, and in a moment quickly bounded each steed onward towards the castello.

The day was devoted to sumptuous festivity. At length the sounds of revelry were hushed; the banqueters, wearied, with the fullness of their joys, were buried in profound repose. In the silence of the chamber, the conte and his fair wife, at length left alone, disravelled on their strange vision of that morning; for from that time he bade them farewell in the palace of the Conrardi, no word of the eagerly sought Zingaro had reached their ears. The fond mother bent above the couch of her sleeping boy, and loudly prayed all evil might be averted from his innocent head, when—"Hark!"—the soft tones of music rose through the air. Imagining it to be a gallant device of their guests, or some rustic serenade, she came and lady left their chamber, and advanced to that very window whence, twelve months before, they had so fearfully descended.

The night was close and calm, and the casement stood open to catch the lazy air. Looking out to greet the serenaders, they recognized at once, standing in the shade below, the figures of the Zingaro and the dark young maiden. She was seated on the rude bench at the foot of the tower; before her lay a huge hound of the mountain breed, and by her side stood her companion, his rude guitar in his hand. The countess was about to address them, but, motioning for silence, the Zingaro spoke in a low tone to the girl—

"Sing, Zea, sing to them the song of joy, made more welcome from thy lips; sing to them the song of our last parting."

He pointed impressively towards the distant horizon's edge, and then softly swept the strings of his guitar; while, raising her dark eyes towards Constanza, the maiden obeyed, and sang the

PROPHECY.

"Lady, look for thy bower on high,
Look on yonder western sky,
Look for trees, or towers, or fountain,
Where the silver clouds sit on the mountain.

Look, lady, look, and mark the star,
Beaming so lightly from afar;
That star is a herald bearing joy
To thee and thy sleeping cherub boy.

I marked the day, I watch'd the hour,
I've read its errand, know its power;
It bears to that boy who cradled lies,
All of good beneath the skies.

Success in love, in peace, in war,
His good and happy days you star;
Happy mother, now rest thee well,
His fortune's read! Farewell—farewell!"

Never again did the wild form of Lu Zingaro cross the path of the Conrardi, nor ever after this did the plaintive melody of his guitar awake the night.

Childhood and His Visitors.

Once on a time when sunny May
Was kissing at the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hand at play,
Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
Happy—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
Was the blue heaven that breathed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling way,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The breaks grew dry upon his path,
The birds grew mute, the lilies faded.
But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That childhood watched his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With cutting lip and glancing eye,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
But Childhood's glance of purity,
Had such a holy spell upon him,
That the dark demon to the air,
Spread forth his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-fortified in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cyress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a bitter cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water;
Poor childhood bade her tell her name,
And when the belated utter'd "Sorrow,"
He said—"Don't interrupt my game,
I'll taste of it, if I must, to-morrow."

The muse of Pindus hither came,
And woe'd him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
Upon a youthful poet's numbers;
Though sweet his foot was all a riddle,
And "Oh!" he cried, "do send away
That noisy woman with the fiddle."

A HYPOCRITE.—A hypocrite pays tribute to God, only that he may impose upon men.



THE preceding figure is to represent the INSENSIBLE PERSEPERATION. Its great evocation for the impurities of the body. It is the most effectual of all purgatives from all points of the surface, which indicates the wonderful process going on within. This perspiration flows unintercepted when we are in health, but ceases when we are sick. It should be the care of every one to see that it is not checked—

But one object only it respects. It is thrown off from the blood and other juices of the body, and disposed by this means, of nearly all impurities within use. The blood by this means, works itself pure. The language of Scripture is, "in throbbed is the life." If it ever becomes impure, it may be traced directly to the stoppage of the insensible perspiration. It never requires any internal medicines to cleanse it, as it always purifies itself by its own heat and action, and throws off all the offending humors through the insensible perspiration. Thus we see, all that is necessary when the blood is stagnant or infected, is to open the pores, and it relieves itself from all impurities instantly. Its own heat and vitality are sufficient, without one particle of medicine, to open the pores upon the surface. Thus we see the folly of taking so much internal remedies. All practitioners, however, direct their efforts to restore the system to its normal state, and to open the proper one. The Thompsonians for instance, steam the Hydropathists shrouds us in wet blankets, the Homopaths deal out infinitesimals, the Allopaths bleed and doses us with mercury, and the blustering quack gorges us with pills, pills, pills.

But one view, viz: to restore the insensible perspiration. If this can be done, they say, we will take care of the rest. It will be seen, therefore, that all physicians understand alike what is necessary to a recovery, how much they may differ as to the mode of giving it.

To give some idea of the amount, and consequently the importance of the insensible perspiration, we will state that the learned Dr. Lwenhook, and the great Boerhaave, ascertained that five-eighths of all we received into the stomach, passed off by this means. In other words, to prevent a single ounce per day, we would evacuate five pounds of it by the insensible perspiration. This is none other than the used up particles of the blood, and other juices, giving place to the new and fresh ones, by carrying with it all the impurities within up to the surface. To check this, therefore, is to retain in the system the refuse of all the vital matter that nature demands should leave the body. And even when this is the case, the blood is of so active a principle, that it determines those particles, to the skin, where they form scabs, pimples, ulcers, and other spots; but if it is directed inwardly, it settles upon the lungs, the consequences are generally fatal.

By a sudden transition from heat to cold, the pores are stopped, the perspiration ceases, and disease begins at once to develop itself. Hence, a stoppage of this flow of the juices, originates so many complaints. It is through the surface that we exhale nearly all our vitality. It is stopping the pores, that overflows mankind with coughs, colds, and consumption. Nine-tenths of the world die from diseases induced by stoppage of the insensible perspiration. It is easily seen, therefore, how necessary is the flow of this subtle humor to the surface, to prevent the accumulation of disease, and to keep the body checked, without producing disease. The blood and intestines must relieve themselves of all their worn out particles, and poisonous humors, and they must go through the pores as nature designed.

Let us ask now, every candid mind, what course seems the most reasonable to pursue, and unstop the pores, after they are closed and let the perspiration flow that the blood may relieve itself of its impurities? Would you give physic to unstop the pores? Or would you apply something that would do this upon the surface? It is through the surface that we exhale nearly all our vitality. It is stopping the pores, that overflows mankind with coughs, colds, and consumption. Nine-tenths of the world die from diseases induced by stoppage of the insensible perspiration. It is easily seen, therefore, how necessary is the flow of this subtle humor to the surface, to prevent the accumulation of disease, and to keep the body checked, without producing disease. The blood and intestines must relieve themselves of all their worn out particles, and poisonous humors, and they must go through the pores as nature designed.

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I need not say that it is curing persons of Consumption continually, although we are told it is foolishness. I care not what is said, so long as I can cure some persons and persons yearly. If this medicine was in the hands of some patent medicine brewers, they would make an apocryphal country that would be in the hands of the King's Evil.—This disease is really inveterate and hard to be subdued. It is generally seated in the sides of the neck, behind the ears and under the chin, and scarcely any part of the body is exempt. It sometimes falls upon the lungs, and produces consumption. It is a dreadful circumstance, that this disease is frequently transmitted from parents to children. The Salve will cure all the morbid matter by causing the sores to discharge, and then let the Solar Tincture be used to draw it to one point, which done, a continuance of the Ointment will completely remove this disorder. This is the most effectual of any method. It should be continued without a moment's cessation.

Scrophulous.—This complaint arises from impurities being driven out to the surface by means of the insensible perspiration, and lodging in the cuticle, forms sores, pimples, &c. it being of a caustic, acid purifying nature. It only requires that it should discharge its nature by the use of the Solar Tincture, and the difficulty will be without it for the best farm in the State. If anyone will take the trouble to call I will give his name.

Headache, Ear-ache and Deafness.—The Salve has cured persons of the Head-Ache of 12 years standing and who could not regularly every week, so that vomiting was the only relief. It cured the deafness of an Englishman, who had been deaf for 10 years, and the difficulty will be without it for the best farm in the State. If anyone will take the trouble to call I will give his name.

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